



The Crow

STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN

THE CROW

S T A I R W A Y T O H E A V E N

S E R I E S P I L O T

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PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

INT. LAND OF THE DEAD - DESOLATE BUILDING - DAY

Some kind of metaphysical way-station. A place without time, where everything takes an eternity and happens in an instant. PICK UP edgy fringe rocker **ERIC DRAVEN**, a lonely man in deep despair. As Draven wakes up in a pool of water under a shower of glass, he pulls off his shirt to check himself for wounds.

Something flutters across his field of vision with a WHOOSH. The spirit crow lands on a nearby sign, head darting about.

DRAVEN

Where did you come from?

The crow shoots past him. Draven watches, decides -- desperate -- that he will follow this living thing.

EXT. LAND OF THE DEAD - FORESTED AREA - DAY

Elements of man's presence give way to a lush rainforest. The spirit crow waits on a tree branch for Draven before taking off again. Draven plunges ahead until he emerges from the dense canopy. Draven is floored by what he sees:

DRAVEN

Shelly?

EXT. THE BRIDGE BETWEEN WORLDS - ON SHELLY - DAY

She's Draven's girlfriend, a beautiful woman in her early twenties. She's standing about half-way across a suspension bridge, spanning a gorge, high above turbulent waters.

As Draven runs toward her, past the spirit crow, the bridge sways under his weight.

DRAVEN

Shelly?

Draven arrives, and the two look at each other, almost afraid to believe. They pull each other into a crushing embrace.

DRAVEN (CONT'D)

It's you. It's really you.

SHELLY

Yes, yes. I've been waiting. It seems like forever.

DRAVEN

I can't remember anything. It's like I just woke up here.

SHELLY

Time isn't the same here.

DRAVEN

Where are we? Everything looks familiar but I don't recognize anything.

SHELLY

It's a Land of the Dead. It has to be.

DRAVEN

I thought it was a nightmare. It really happened, didn't it?

Shelly nods. Draven is overwhelmed by his guilt, holds her out at arm's length so he can look at her.

DRAVEN (CONT'D)

God, Shelly, I am so sorry...

SHELLY

We're together. That's all that matters.

The spirit crow appears before Draven and Shelly, perching on the handrail. Draven nods in its direction.

DRAVEN

He led me to you.

SHELLY

A crow?

Shelly's face falls. Draven reads her worry.

DRAVEN

Why? What's it mean?

SHELLY

It's a legend. Something about a second chance.

While reaching out to Draven, Shelly is seemingly drawn farther away, as if pulled by some kind of supernatural force. From Shelly's POV, however, it is Draven who's distant.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Set things right, Eric. I'll wait
for you...

But Shelly is gone. Draven lets out a PLAINTIVE WAIL as the CAMERA PULLS OUT revealing, ultimately, the immensity of where Draven is, and what a small piece of it he is. Alone. So very alone.

Back close, the spirit crow simply cocks its head to the side, then takes off in soaring flight, diving from the bridge. Draven, in terrible pain and confusion, watches.

DRAVEN'S POV - THE CROW

Plummeting toward the rushing waters below. Disappearing in a COSMIC RIPPLE, leaving nothing but rocks and water, two hundred feet down.

RESUME BRIDGE BETWEEN THE WORLDS

Stunned, Draven hops up onto the thick steel cable from which the bridge is suspended, balancing on it like a tight rope. Arms extended for balance, feet together, looking very much like a crow himself, he stares down, trying to fathom what he has seen. Everything, it seems, disappears into nothing. Beyond comprehension, he closes his eyes, balancing, until...

DRAVEN DIVES OFF THE BRIDGE!

Free-falling, arms outstretched like a bird in flight. Draven, too, disappears into the COSMIC RIPPLE rather than crash into the water below.

INT. URBAN BARRIO - DAY

The yearly holiday where the dead are honored. Special foods, songs, candles, religious rites, feasts. It's native Indian blended with Spanish conquistador, complete with costumes and Halloween-like make-up.

Ominously, the celebration now becomes deathly quiet as a RUMBLE rolls from the distance until it now seems quite literally BENEATH THE GROUND the people stand on. LIGHT COLLECTS IN THE SKY above them.

MEXICAN WOMAN

It's a miracle!

The woman faints, her knees buckling as she witnesses:

DRAVEN'S APPEARANCE!

Out of the COSMIC RIPPLE, Draven materializes before our eyes with the force of nature, not the gentle hand of God. He comes down hard on the muddy ground. The first image Draven sees is:

THE CROW MASK!

By this, we mean the stark feature-film version of the full-on Crow make-up (not the look that will become our signature). Like a mad mime with a bleached white face and red eye teardrops, the face stands over Draven.

SPANISH CROW

*Señor, Señor! Estás bien? Qué pasa?
Are you okay?*

Draven recoils in fear. He has no idea what is happening to him or where he is. The Crow who just scared the crap out of Draven is someone made up in garish face paint as part of a holiday skit. He turns to his fellow celebrants:

SPANISH CROW (CONT'D)

*He has crossed the worlds between
death and life.*

We notice the spirit crow watching over Eric Draven who -- for better or worse -- is back on solid Earth, as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF PROLOGUE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A girl, **SARAH MOHR**, a young 14, the picture of thrift store cast-off street-chic and all attitude, grinds through the pavement on her skateboard. Finally, she flips the board up, and begins to walk across the grass, stopping at two headstones. Based on their inscriptions, they belong to *Eric Draven* and *Shelly Webster*. She pulls off a weathered backpack, pulls a small bouquet of flowers from it.

SARAH

Big Mikey paid for them, but I picked 'em.

Sarah places the flowers at the foot of the graves.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Happy anniversary... I guess...

Sarah stands there in silent contemplation. Finally, she puts to words her thoughts.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I hate the people that did this to you. I hate them so much I hate even thinking about hating them.

(self-aware)

And what I really hate is I'm talking to a couple of stupid graves.

ALBRECHT (O.S.)

If only they'd talk back, huh?

It's DETECTIVE **DARYL ALBRECHT**, an African-American cop.

SARAH

(angry)

Hey, Daryl, quit following me, okay?

ALBRECHT

You're supposed to be in school.

SARAH

There's no classes today. It's a national holiday.

ALBRECHT

Halloween? Maybe when you get to be Mayor.

SARAH

Got that right.

ALBRECHT

C'mon. I'll give you a ride.

SARAH

(shakes head)

I want to stay here and feel sorry
for myself, okay?

ALBRECHT

No, Sarah. It's not okay.

SARAH

Look. These were my friends, not
yours.

Albrecht nods his agreement. Still, he's made a commitment to himself to care about this kid. He awkwardly pats the top of Draven's headstone.

ALBRECHT

You get five minutes. I'll wait in
the car.

Albrecht turns and leaves.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Draven is on the move now, in an urban environment. He hears the sound of DISTANT THUNDER. Taken away from his thoughts by the sounds of a domestic quarrel in progress.

A sports utility vehicle has stopped at an intersection. The driver, MITCH, has the passenger window down and is screaming toward the street.

MITCH

Get in the car!

But the young woman on the street keeps walking. This is CYNTHIA and she's scared, her eyes still wet from crying.

CYNTHIA

Just leave me alone.

Mitch jumps out of the car and moves to confront her.

MITCH

This is the last time I'm gonna say
this. Get in the damn car!

Mitch grabs Cynthia by the arm and begins to pull her toward the vehicle. She struggles but is no match for his strength.

DRAVEN'S POV - CYNTHIA / SHELLY

As the altercation continues, Draven -- in quick FLASHCUTS alternating between seeing Cynthia as herself and as Shelly struggling against Mitch.

BACK TO SCENE

Draven -- still amnesic -- is unable to process the meaning of this profoundly disturbing sequence, yet still feeling the anger and rage welling up inside him. It is at that exact moment that Mitch, in a masterstroke of bad timing, sees Draven looking at him and decides to look for a scapegoat.

MITCH

What are you lookin' at?

DRAVEN

You. She's afraid of you.

Mitch pushes Cynthia away, turns his attention on Draven, grabbing him and throwing him against a nearby vehicle. He closes, pushing Draven hard in the chest.

MITCH

You're the one who oughta be afraid.

Draven starts to look down but then just racks the guy in a quick succession of blows, battering him to the ground, surprising himself by his aggressive fearlessness.

DRAVEN

Not anymore.
(to Cynthia)
He doesn't love you...

Mitch has gotten to his feet. He reaches through the window of his SUV and pulls out the anti-theft "Club" and raises it behind Draven. He pounds him on the back, dropping Draven to his knees. Cynthia shrieks:

CYNTHIA

You're going to kill him!

Draven, however, has the hint of a smile as he rises from his knees and turns to face Mitch. Mitch takes another swing, but Draven catches the club in mid-swing.

MITCH

Who are you, man?

Draven considers this. He's not sure. Then:

DRAVEN

I'm nobody. Just like you.

Draven pitches Mitch backward, spins and kicks him on the way down. During the brief fight, Cynthia jumps in the SUV and takes off down the street. Draven watches then turns back to Mitch who scrambles away from Draven, scared for his life, running in the opposite direction.

Again, the spirit crow flutters past camera. A beat of hesitation, then Draven follows, eyeing a bead on it, his only link to what's happening.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Albrecht drives his unmarked car, Sarah looks out the window.

ALBRECHT

So how's your mom?

SARAH

Darla's sleeping in late, as usual.
(dry)
Up all night baking cookies.

Albrecht sees something on the street, pulls the car sharply to the side. Sarah reaches reflexively for the door handle.

ALBRECHT

No. You stay.

SARAH

I'm not your dog.

Albrecht ignores this as he pulls over to cut off TIN-TIN who, literally in mid-step, spins around and begins walking in the other direction. Albrecht jumps out and intercepts Tin-Tin.

ALBRECHT

Hey, Tin-Tin. Tell me all about
your Halloween plans.
(pointedly)
Since last year was so much fun.

TIN-TIN

I don't have to say nothin' to you.

ALBRECHT

You got lots to say. You're a smart
guy --

TIN-TIN

-- I'm not smart at all. Ask anybody.

Albrecht grabs Tin-Tin by the shoulder. Spins him to the
car, pats him down for a weapon.

TIN-TIN (CONT'D)

I'm not carryin'.

Albrecht indicates a mean chain, wrapped around his mid-
section.

TIN-TIN (CONT'D)

That's fashion, man.

ALBRECHT

And I'm Tommy-damn-Hilfiger. Now,
about the reason you're not carrying --
that new B-and-E you're up on.

TIN-TIN

What about it?

ALBRECHT

Three strikes, that's what. Give up
the others, we'll cut a deal with
the DA.

TIN-TIN

I got a public defender says not to
talk to you.

ALBRECHT

(hard)

Those two kids -- Webster and Draven --
did not deserve to die. I got you
casing the same building twenty-four
hours earlier.

TIN-TIN

You had that a year ago. I'm walkin',
man. You got no right to harass me.
I'm walkin'...

Tin-Tin pulls free of Albrecht's grip. Albrecht, knowing
he's got nothing to hold him with, has to let him go but
still gets in his parting shot.

ALBRECHT

Okay, you think about it, Tin, because
when I nail this -- and I will --
you'll want to be helping the good
guys...

From Albrecht's look, he may not believe his own threat.

EXT. CITY STREET - PAWN SHOP - DAY

Where Draven moves through the landscape, alone among a throng of strangers. Draven stops as the spirit crow lands in front of a store. "Gideon's Pawn Shop." He looks in the window. Among the items on display: an electric guitar. The store owner, a pear-shaped man with food on his shirt, GIDEON, observes.

GIDEON

You can't afford that one. Got
another one inside though...

Draven shakes his head, not interested. The spirit crow takes off, destination across the street, down the block, an abandoned building, just another piece of urban decay.

EXT. DRAVEN'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

The spirit crow lands on the window sill of the huge circular window. Looks in. As this happens:

CROWVISION - INSIDE THE LOFT

Showing us a view of an abandoned loft, through the distortion.

EXT. CITY STREET - ON DRAVEN - DAY

Reacts to the vision, matched in his own view to a high shard of broken glass which becomes:

INT. DRAVEN'S LOFT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

*Where Draven, in this small studio, appears to be giving a private concert to **SHELLY WEBSTER** (whose spirit image we saw on the bridge). Call Draven's song, "Seven Circles", accompanied by an electric guitar, plugged into a small room amplifier. There's a rawness to the voice, and the song itself has a real tension beneath its sentiment.*

DRAVEN

*I love you in whispers, I love you
in screams, I love you in waking, I
love you in dreams...*

From the looks of the place, we have a rock musician and a photographer sharing space here. Shelly is actually recording this performance on a video camera. She sets the camera on top of a TV just so, then moves into frame to be with Draven. As she does, our POV becomes:

CAMERA POV - DRAVEN AND SHELLY

As Draven's song continues. Eric and Shelly are lovers the way it's supposed to be. Merged completely in spirit, two people lucky enough to find each other while very young. They're trading shy looks with each other because what they're doing tonight is kind of goofy, but terribly romantic, and just a little bit scary. It's a personal "commitment ceremony."

At this point, THE IMAGE SPEEDS UP and we realize that what we are watching is a VIDEOTAPE and we are really in:

INT. BLACKOUT - TOP DOLLAR'S "PALACE" - NIGHT

Where the scene between Draven and Shelly continues on the projection wall screen. It's being watched by T-BIRD, Tin-Tin, and FUNBOY, a bad-ass tribe of urban malcontents. The most important guy in the room is **TOP DOLLAR**, flipping a *Bali-song* knife back and forth. This is his space, and -- when the automatic mini-blinds are open -- it overlooks a rock club known to the locals as "Blackout." A wall-mounted collection of hand-weapons completes the look.

TOP DOLLAR

Zapper.

As T-Bird surrenders the zapper, we realize that Top Dollar has a huge, comfortable chair -- the throne, literally sitting on top of a red carpet. Everyone else has a straight uncomfortable chair. People are not meant to stay here.

T-BIRD

C'mon, Top. This is my favorite part...

On the TV, Shelly appears to be really moved by Draven's song.

SHELLY (T.V.)

*That was beautiful. Have you played
it for the band?*

DRAVEN (T.V.)

No. Never even wrote it down.
(taps temple)
All up here. Just for you...

Funboy takes a drink from a bottle of wine.

FUNBOY

This guy deserves everything he's
gonna get...

Again, on screen, Shelly leans over and kisses Draven. She settles back, producing a handwritten piece of paper. Her turn to read.

SHELLY (T.V.)

I've lived a thousand lifetimes to
find a soul like yours... A soul so
pure, a soul so brave... An angel
who takes my breath away. I want to
lie with you forever...

TIN-TIN

Forever didn't last too long, baby.

SHELLY (T.V.)

My passion knows no bounds... I
want to shield you from all evil...
Protect this love we found.

Now it's Draven's turn to be moved. Shelly opens a small velvet bag and produces a ring, a thin band of gold.

SHELLY (T.V.) (CONT'D)

I give you this Eric as I give you
myself.

Draven accepts the ring, pulls out his own box and produces another simple band for Shelly.

DRAVEN (T.V.)

I give you this Shelly as I give you
myself.

SHELLY (T.V.)

Mine?

DRAVEN (T.V.)

Forever.

Draven hands a glass of wine to Shelly. She smiles playfully.

SHELLY (T.V.)

Only forever?

They toast and kiss again. Startled by the door being kicked in! And, suddenly, the apartment is stormed by these same losers, minus Top-Dollar, all armed with guns and knives. No doubt that they mean to do harm to Draven and Shelly.

TIN-TIN (T.V.)

Time to rock-and-roll!

On the tape, WE SEE Draven try to hold them away from Shelly, but he is quickly knocked down while she is dragged away. Then the camera is picked up off its mount.

FUNBOY (T.V.)

Hey, look, Top's gonna like this.

Back in our ROOM POV, Top Dollar uses the *Bali-song* knife to cut a fingernail.

TOP DOLLAR

Mistake number one.

FUNBOY

I know. Don't ever say your name out loud. We've been over this, Top.

Meanwhile, on the TV, the camera pans up and down Shelly, struggling against her captors. In the room, however, Top Dollar zaps the TV off.

TOP DOLLAR

We're gonna go over it again.

Top Dollar levels the others with a contemptuous look.

TOP DOLLAR (CONT'D)

You were paid for a simple suicide. This guy was supposed to take too many pills and stick a gun in his mouth. What I got was a double homicide.

T-BIRD

It was a two-fer.

TOP DOLLAR

It was a screw-up.

Top Dollar keys in the code on a nearby door, then enters with the tape while the others watch.

THE TROPHY ROOM

A Museum of Murder. Newspaper articles detailing crimes are posted next to items like necklaces, shoes, credit cards. All talismans of death. Top Dollar places the videotape next to an article that headlines: "KING HENRY AREA ROCKED BY DOUBLE MURDER -- Musician's Promising Career Cut Short."

TOP DOLLAR'S "PALACE"

Top Dollar returns to the main room, speaks to the men before him.

TOP DOLLAR

I expect a higher degree of professionalism.

T-BIRD

We know. But it was a year ago. We haven't messed up any jobs since then.

TOP DOLLAR

(to Tin-Tin)

Tell 'em.

TIN-TIN

Albrecht's still tryin' to sweat me big-time.

All eyes on Top Dollar. This is not good.

TOP DOLLAR

Let's add this puke to the museum's collection.

(to Tin-Tin)

Tell him you're ready to roll on us and set a meeting.

EXT. DRAVEN'S LOFT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Featuring the loft's distinctive circular window. In its life, it was downscale. Now it only remembers death -- two of them -- from a year ago.

INT. DRAVEN'S LOFT - NIGHT

Draven approaches a door, still blocked off with fluttering, useless, yellow "crime scene" tape. Boarded up, scheduled for demolition. Draven, undeterred, pulls the tape away and enters. A light, long dormant, flickers back on.

As Draven moves inside, WE SEE that this is the same location where he sang to Shelly moments earlier. Draven stoops to inspect an area that actually looks currently lived in. He picks up a broken picture frame. In it is a photo of Draven and Shelly, squeezing each other tightly, flashing smiles to the camera.

As Draven's confusion gives way to the onslaught of memory, he reels. It's all coming back and it's horrible beyond belief. Draven stumbles to the open window. The spirit crow is there, cocking its head, looking at him. And, suddenly, we are transported back in time.

FLASHCUTS - THAT DREADFUL NIGHT

Essentially picking up the interrupted story on the videotape seen by Top Dollar and his men. Awful images. Shelly being grabbed away from Draven. Draven on his knees, being held up by both Tin-Tin and Funboy, having obviously been beaten badly. T-Bird glowers down at him.

T-BIRD

Time to beg for it, boy. Time to beg...

Draven looks up at him. His voice is soft, but his message is clear.

DRAVEN

... go to hell...

T-BIRD

(snorts)

Sorry, pal, you first.

At that, both Tin-Tin and Funboy hoist him up and drag him to the window. They give him a heave-ho and he crashes through the window in a spray of SHATTERING GLASS.

THE LOFT - RIGHT NOW

Draven SCREAMS out in agony as the memory floods around him. The spirit crow flies off through the open window. Draven moves across the loft, picking up once precious items, now trash -- all of them bringing with them:

FLASHES OF MEMORY - DRAVEN AND SHELLY

Smiles, kisses, love lost. Dancing, playing, loving.

THE MIRROR - SHELLY APPEARS!

Draven sees Shelly's form slowly appear in the reflection behind him.

DRAVEN

Shelly?

She reaches to touch him. He turns to grab -- nothing. She's not really there. He's alone. Draven SMASHES THE MIRROR with his fist! To his surprise and ours, his hand heals spontaneously.

As Draven realizes the full extent of his loss and isolation, he cries black tears. He buries his face in his hands in rage, causing the tears to smear black. When he looks up:

THE SHATTERED MIRROR - THE CROW

Draven's face is now drained of color and the eyes are etched with darkness. As reflected in the broken pieces, he is becoming the realistic version of the familiar Crow persona. As the transformation continues, Draven is revealed as the mythic Crow, the avenger of the dead, a man alive but not of the living, as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. GIDEON'S PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

A junkyard of ill-gotten gains. Gideon, the weasel owner, counts receipts, chewing a cigar. A fist bangs on the door, belonging to a figure seen only in shadow.

GIDEON

Get lost, moron. We're closed.

Now the fist smashes through the glass, reaches in and turns the lock. As blood flows, the hand vices shut. The Crow enters, starts for the display window.

THE CROW

Change your hours.

The Crow grabs the guitar from the display window. Gideon aims a gun at the Crow.

GIDEON

You owe me for that window, clownman!

Fearless, the Crow advances on Gideon, brandishing the guitar.

THE CROW

Tell me where you got this!

GIDEON

Home Shopping Network. Why do you care?

THE CROW

I want what's mine. I want my life.

GIDEON

I don't sell lives.

THE CROW

No. You trade in death.

GIDEON

Thanks for your opinion. Now, here's mine.

Gideon readies his gun. The Crow reaches out so quickly that he is able to grab the gun even as it FIRES. He forces Gideon's hand to the counter and crushes it until he releases the weapon. The Crow forces Gideon's face into the guitar.

THE CROW

Take your time. Take a good look.

GIDEON

(sputtering)

Belonged to some dead rock punk.
All the sicko kids come in to see
it.

The Crow lets Gideon breathe again.

THE CROW

Get anything else from the DEAD...
ROCK... PUNK?

GIDEON

No...

The Crow sees a collection of rings. He picks up the gun and uses the butt end to smash the glass case, pulling out a ring. It matches the very one he wears. He holds the ring in front of Gideon.

THE CROW

How much for this one?

Gideon has pulled a rifle from another display behind the counter. He aims it at the Crow.

GIDEON

You know, you're really starting to
get on my nerves.

THE CROW

Give it to me.

GIDEON

(sick smile)

You forgot to say 'trick or treat.'

Gideon FIRES THE RIFLE, catching Draven in the shoulder. The rifle shot throws the Crow down, but does not cause him to bleed -- or to feel much more than the raw impact. The Crow is as surprised as Gideon. The Crow holds out his hand again to Gideon, demanding the rifle. Gideon is trembling now at this supernatural display.

THE CROW

Give the gun to me now and I won't
kill you.

Gideon debates another shot, but hands the weapon over, having seen what he's seen.

GIDEON

I... can't help you, man, really. I don't ask questions. See, I'm not asking you how you did that...

The Crow hops up on the counter and sits cross-legged, leering at Gideon who agonizes half a second then gives them up.

THE CROW

Your suppliers. They must have names.

GIDEON

T-Bird and his crew. Tin-Tin, Funboy...

THE CROW

That was easy. Now, where can I find them?

INT. DARLA'S PLACE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A small, welfare-mother's one-bedroom apartment. A collection of guns and ammunition are arrayed on the bed, obviously kept in a large, now unlocked suitcase. T-Bird, currently on a cell phone, and his crew -- including Tin-Tin and Funboy -- are at work checking their hardware, and loading weapons. It's dangerous work as is, but these guys are smoking and drinking while they're at it. T-Bird notices Funboy taking a long drink from an open wine bottle.

T-BIRD

Hey Funboy, go light, bro, I don't want you hittin' one of us.

FUNBOY

Just gettin' oiled like my piece...

Tin-Tin checks out Funboy's firepower.

TIN-TIN

Hey, where'd you get the Black Rhinos?

FUNBOY

Some dude outta Detroit scooped 'em on Devil's night.

FRONT ROOM

Darla -- a faded flower, drained by alcohol -- bangs on the door.

DARLA

Hey, my manager'll throw me out if he finds out you're here.

(pleading)

C'mon, Funboy. Your friends gotta go.

THE BEDROOM

T-Bird hangs up the cell phone, yells to the door.

T-BIRD

Keep your pants on, Darla.

(to the crew)

Gideon says some crazy clown just trashed his pawn shop and's on the way over.

(to Funboy)

Funboy, you stay here and roll out the welcome mat.

(pointedly)

And get your woman under control, will ya?

FUNBOY

(checking gun)

I'll straighten her out.

T-BIRD

(to Tin-Tin)

We gotta rack-and-pack. Here.

T-Bird tosses Tin-Tin a 38-special. Tin-Tin looks at it with disgust.

TIN-TIN

I don't want no part of this low rent piece a' junk.

Tin-Tin slides out the long chain he wears for a belt, begins to wrap it around his fist, clearly intended for use as a lethal weapon.

TIN-TIN (CONT'D)

Don't need no firepower to put that cop to sleep.

T-BIRD

For your information, Tin, we ain't takin' no chances on Albrecht.

FUNBOY

Sounds like we oughta perish Gideon
while we're at it.

FRONT ROOM

Darla continues banging on the door.

DARLA

Hey! C'mon, Funboy, I'm not
kiddin'...

Darla doesn't notice the front door open. Sarah, her
daughter, enters, carrying her skateboard.

SARAH

We got company again, Darla?

Darla begins to fumble for a few dollars from her purse.

DARLA

(speech slurred)

Honey, why don't you go get some
Halloween candy?

The door opens. It's Funboy.

FUNBOY

Hey, Darla, you wanna get smacked?
(sees Sarah)
What are you lookin' at?

What she's looking at is the gun he's holding at his side,
and the crew exiting through the fire escape. The door
closes.

SARAH

(re: Funboy)

Great costume.

DARLA

They're... he's leaving...

SARAH

What a co-ink. Me, too.

Sarah exits but not before grabbing the money from Darla's
hand. STAY WITH Darla momentarily, giving us the chance to
see the pain that even alcohol can't hide.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Working at his desk, Albrecht is on the phone, scribbling onto a piece of paper.

ALBRECHT

Yeah, I know the place... I'll be there alone. You be there alone.

Albrecht hangs up the phone, closes his eyes, makes a fist and a chugging motion. Face falls as he looks at a high-collared jumpsuit studded with sequins hanging on the post near his desk. He quickly bangs out a phone number.

ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

Cordy? It's me. I got a big break on the Draven case. One of the shooters wants to cut a deal, doesn't seem to care about our Halloween plans, though...

(checks watch)

Look, I'll change after the meeting, see you there... Me, too...

Albrecht hangs up the phone, starts toward the door, when he abruptly stops and returns to take the jumpsuit with him. As he leaves:

ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

Albrecht has left the building.

INT. DARLA'S PLACE - NIGHT

Funboy sits in a ratty stuffed chair, playing with his gun, facing the door, waiting, bottle of wine at his side. He hears something behind him. It's the spirit crow, flying into the room.

FUNBOY

Big freakin' bird.

He levels his gun at it, pretends to shoot at it.

FUNBOY (CONT'D)

Bang, bang.

The crow flies into the back bedroom.

DARLA

Can you at least get him out of here?

Funboy sighs, moves toward the bedroom. As he starts to shoo the spirit crow out the open window, he is startled by:

THE CROW'S FACE - UPSIDE DOWN

That is, Draven as the Crow, hanging upside down from the door-frame. Funboy freaks.

THE CROW

Hi.

The Crow reaches down and takes Funboy's weapon from him before he can react.

THE CROW (CONT'D)

Not nice to play with guns.

With an unexpected agility, the Crow flips over in the air, landing on his feet in front of Funboy.

FUNBOY

Wh...who...who...
(to front room)
Darla!

The Crow throws the gun on the bed, uses both hands to twist Funboy's face to look straight at him. He's literally squeezing Funboy's lips together.

THE CROW

Look at me when I speak to you. Are you looking?

Funboy nods, wide-eyed. He sure as hell is looking.

THE CROW (CONT'D)

Want you to give your friends a message. Very simple. Think you can remember it?

Again, Funboy nods. He'll give it a try.

THE CROW (CONT'D)

Tell them the Crow comes for them tonight.

FUNBOY

The Crow?

THE CROW

It's a bird.
(beat)
Sharp claws.

The Crow runs two arched fingertips across Funboy's face, drawing blood.

THE CROW (CONT'D)

Big, flapping wings.

The Crow bitch slaps Funboy three times in quick succession. Funboy looks back at the Crow, his face beet red and bleeding.

THE CROW (CONT'D)

You've killed for money. Never come back here.

(beat)

Now... run for your life... while you still have one.

Funboy, fear of God in him, takes off. The Crow turns his attention to Darla. As he advances, she tries to stand, stumbles. The Crow reaches out to steady her.

FLASHCUT - WHITE NOISE / WHITE LIGHT

Once again, our visual/audio empathic connection.

THE CROW LETS GO...

Darla seems to sober up a bit. With a degree of tenderness which matches the anger he handled Funboy with, the Crow runs his hand across her cheek.

THE CROW (CONT'D)

You're Sarah's mother?

DARLA

Some mom. No wonder that kid hates me.

The Crow moves closer to her. His eyes meet hers, and they are piercing.

THE CROW

'Mother is the name for God in the hearts and minds of all children.'

(gently)

She doesn't hate you. Just what you've done to yourself.

Darla buries her face, sobbing in humiliation. Meanwhile, Draven experiences:

CROWVISION

The distorted, wide-angle imagery, showing Funboy moving quickly down an alley.

BACK TO DARLA'S APARTMENT

The Crow places a hand on Darla's shoulder.

THE CROW
I'll talk to her. After my
business...

And the Crow is gone. Leaving Darla to feel a change happening.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Crow is seen moving through a building above the alley we saw Funboy hurrying down earlier in Crowvision.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Tin-Tin stands behind a burning trash can, which keeps him warm while throwing a flickering light against the bricks. A beat, then Funboy rounds the corner, races up.

TIN-TIN
You take care of it?

Funboy gasps for breath after running the whole way. Tin-Tin inspects Funboy's fingernail scarred face.

TIN-TIN (CONT'D)
What happened to you?

FUNBOY
Gideon's right about this guy...
He's... I don't know... he's just
weird, man. Scary weird... called
himself a crow or something.

TIN-TIN
Oooh, poor-baby-Funboy, got himself
scared by a widdle-birdie!

FUNBOY
Where's Tin-Tin?

Tin-Tin indicates the shadows where T-Bird waits in ambush. Frowns to Funboy.

THE CROW

On top of the building above them, looks down on this scene. There is an inner rage building inside this man. He dive-bombs from the window into the alley below.

Coming up from a tuck-and-roll, he kicks over a burning garbage barrel, sending embers flying.

THE ALLEY

Funboy points to the end of the alley where the Crow has fallen.

FUNBOY

It's him, man!

Tin-Tin starts toward the area. Funboy tries to hold him back.

FUNBOY (CONT'D)

Be careful, what you gonna do?

TIN-TIN

We're gonna take out the trash, that's what. Get some huevos. You're making me wanna hurl.

THE CROW MOVES TOWARD THEM!

Reflected menacingly in the throw-glow of another barrel fire.

THE CROW

The tides of sin draw tighter and brighter... The hours become heavier and weighted... And the shadows smile, dark and wild.

The Crow smiles at Tin-Tin and Funboy.

FUNBOY

I told you, man, he ain't normal.

Tin-Tin holds up a hand.

TIN-TIN

This bird-boy's mine.

Tin-Tin advances toward the Crow, swinging his chain.

The two face off, Tin-Tin swings and connects, lashing the Crow across the chest and face. The Crow goes down, cut and hurt.

Tin-Tin turns back to Funboy, looking for approval. Instead, Funboy is already trying to get away.

Suddenly, the Crow is in front of him.

The gash on his face heals before our eyes. The Crow throws him toward Tin-Tin, and he collapses against the wall.

This time when Tin-Tin swings his chain, the Crow grabs the end of the chain link, and uses it to pull Tin-Tin toward him. Up close, he hisses:

THE CROW

One year ago, you killed two people.
Tell me the story.

TIN-TIN

Once upon a time, there was a freak.
He died. The end.

Tin-Tin pushes away from the Crow. As he does, he produces a long knife.

THE CROW

Make the first one count. One to a
customer.

Tin-Tin lunges toward the Crow with the knife. The Crow blocks the attack and, putting Tin-Tin's arm in his vice grip, snaps the bone.

TIN-TIN

Ahh!! Damn...

The Crow throws Tin-Tin to the ground, then kicks him over.

THE CROW

You killed a woman who never did
anything to you. Why?

TIN-TIN

We were bored.

The Crow leans down to Tin-Tin, grabs him by the hair and the pants.

THE CROW

'Time to beg for it, boy.' Remember?

FLASHCUT - DRAVEN IN THE LOFT

The Crow remembers the moment when Tin-Tin helped throw him through the window.

RETURN TO SCENE

WE HEAR the SHIFT-CLICKS ON MULTIPLE WEAPONS as T-Bird and Funboy step out of the shadows.

Tin-Tin scoots behind their protection, taking a weapon.

T-BIRD

Say your prayers.

THE CROW

What are you going to do? Kill me?

The crew begins to unload their weapons into the Crow's body. A malevolent ambush of evil seen clearly in their faces. Played off the Crow only long enough to establish that under this much firepower his re-animated body is not invulnerable. He's going down and he's staying down.

Even as they lay down another line of fire, T-Bird and his crew flee the scene of the shooting.

NEARBY - ALBRECHT

Albrecht creeps through the alley across the street in his car, headlights off. He hears the firing, and keys his microphone.

ALBRECHT

This is Unit KJ-62. I have shots fired. Old Hoover shipyard. Can't get a good view from here. Requesting immediate back-up and an ambulance.

THE CROW - WITH SHELLY'S SPIRIT

WE SEE his bullet-riddled body, trying to crawl to his knees. WE SEE Shelly, placing her arms around him, trying to soothe him in some kind of mystical healing of body and spirit.

ALBRECHT'S POV - THE CROW

The Crow is alone. There is no Shelly. At least, not in this reality. It's very hard to make out anything. Especially the Crow as he stumbles off into the darkness while Albrecht's RADIO SQUAWKS.

RADIO (V.O.)

Roger KJ-62. Stay put. Another unit's on the way. Do not engage.

INT. DRAVEN'S LOFT - NIGHT

Sarah lies in her sleeping bag, curled up on the floor, a lantern by her side. She hears FOOTSTEPS outside the door. She turns off the lantern. The DOOR OPENS.

SARAH

Whoever you are, I've got a gun.

No answer. She's freaking.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm not afraid to use it.

A beat. Then:

DRAVEN

Take a number.

Draven is revealed, stepping forward from the shadow. His body has been mangled and mauled by the gunfire attack in the alley. Sarah leans forward, trying to get a better look. Finally, she is completely blown away.

SARAH

Eric?

But it's too late. Draven slumps, falls to the floor, seemingly lifeless. A shocking moment of revelation and loss, as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - EARLY MORNING

Now a crime scene, complete with uniformed cops, detectives and Albrecht. The senior man is Albrecht's boss, LIEUTENANT **DAVID VINCENNES**. He's not an easy man to like, high standards and little patience. Albrecht approaches.

VINCENNES

What are we up to?

ALBRECHT

Thirty-four shell casings. We're still looking.

VINCENNES

But no body? No weapon?

Albrecht holds Tin-Tin's chain, left behind.

ALBRECHT

Just this. Belonged to Tin-Tin.

VINCENNES

(weary)

Why don't any of these gangsters have real names?

ALBRECHT

Mark Tremaine, a.k.a. Tin-Tin.

Albrecht's cell phone RINGS. He mumbles an excuse to Vincennes, picks up.

ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

Albrecht... You're sure?... No, her mother's not going to be much help. I have an idea where to find her... Look, this isn't a great time. I'll have her there by third period... Alright, bye.

Albrecht hangs up. Vincennes has a low tolerance for this kind of interruption.

VINCENNES

Trouble at home?

ALBRECHT

Got it handled.

VINCENNES

Now, exactly what led you to believe this was any more than target practice?

ALBRECHT

I saw somebody move but I thought it was one of the shooters.

(bottom line)

I don't know.

VINCENNES

Let's not let this become one of your epic open cases, okay?

(indicates scene)

Where's the blood?

Albrecht produces a plastic baggy.

ALBRECHT

We found about sixty grams of this. Some kind of ashes, like charcoal. Lab's running it.

VINCENNES

Is this a barbeque or a homicide?

ALBRECHT

I don't have a theory yet, Lieutenant.

VINCENNES

Get one.

Vincennes takes off.

INT. DRAVEN'S LOFT - EARLY MORNING

Draven huddles in a corner, obviously weakened, his eyes closed, not sleeping but in some kind of meditative state, covered in make-shift bandages made from some of Sarah's own clothing. Sarah sponges his forehead with cool water. Finally:

SARAH

Eric, I need you to say something so I know I'm not dreaming.

DRAVEN

Shelly?

Draven's eyes flutter open.

SARAH

Sarah.

DRAVEN

Hey...

SARAH

(hopeful)

Is Shelly okay, too?

DRAVEN

I thought I saw her in the mirror.
Then this... thing... happened to
me...

(beat)

You're not the only one who thinks
they're dreaming.

SARAH

Life has really sucked without you.
I... I don't know where to start...
How can you be alive? I saw you.
You were dead a year ago. And last
night...

DRAVEN

There's a lot I don't know.

SARAH

You're hurt. I can ask a hundred
million questions later.

Sarah moves to pull off Draven's bandages. He resists.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I need to change these things.

DRAVEN

I'm not the same guy you knew.

SARAH

Tell me about it. Are you like an
angel now or what?

DRAVEN

I don't think so.

SARAH

(considers this)

I do.

Draven turns around, looks at her, puts a hand on her
shoulder. Looks at her with those eyes.

DRAVEN

I'm too angry to be an angel.

Draven gets to his feet, moves to the window, looking out on the sky through the broken glass.

DRAVEN (CONT'D)

One of the men who did this was at your mother's apartment. Do you know him?

SARAH

Funboy? Total loser.

DRAVEN

They're all going to pay for what they did to Shelly.

SARAH

Didn't do you any favors either.

Draven cocks his head to the side, with preternatural instinct. Sarah mistakes this for disagreement.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Sorry. Probably should just keep my mouth shut, huh?

DRAVEN

No. It's... something... else...

Draven's right.

INT. CORRIDOR - EARLY MORNING

It's Albrecht, heading for Draven's loft. Outside the door, he stops on the landing to catch his breath.

ALBRECHT

Sarah, it's me. You in there?

INTERCUT: CORRIDOR / LOFT

Sarah freaks, yells toward the door.

SARAH

Stay there! Coming!
(to Draven)

It's the cop from your case. It's a long story. I'll let him drop me off at school, then I'll come right back.

Sarah pushes through the door. Sees Albrecht.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's go.

ALBRECHT

Let's go? Let's go? What happened to 'back off, you're not my dad?'

Sarah starts down the stairs.

SARAH

I'll be late for early lunch if we don't go.

Albrecht eyes her skeptically, then moves inside, his cop instincts taking over. His eyes have to adjust to the dimly lit loft. Sarah rushes in behind him, moves to block.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You want me to go. I'm trying to go. Can we just go?

ALBRECHT

What don't you want me to see, Sarah?

SARAH

Now don't freak out, okay? It's --

Albrecht makes out a form in the shadows. He pulls his gun from its holster, aims it at the form.

ALBRECHT

Whoever you are, I want those hands to grab the ceiling. Then I want you to walk out real slow.

A beat. Draven steps out from the shadows, holding his arms up in the air.

DRAVEN

Tough guy. This okay?

Albrecht takes a long look, and he is amazed at what he sees.

ALBRECHT

Holy Mother...
(to Sarah)
Did he hurt you?

SARAH

Leave him alone. He's been through enough.

ALBRECHT
(serious as a judge)
Sarah. Take off. Go to school.

Sarah starts to protest. Draven nods for her to go. She grabs her stuff, and storms angrily out. Albrecht turns back to Draven.

ALBRECHT (CONT'D)
Are you Eric Draven?

DRAVEN
Not if that's a crime...

ALBRECHT
You and me -- we're gonna have to talk.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Draven sits behind a simple wooden table. Looking around, as if he's seeing things for the first time. A moment, then Albrecht enters. He's anxious, but trying to play it cool.

ALBRECHT
So, if you're Draven, where have you been lately?

DRAVEN
I don't know.

ALBRECHT
You don't want to answer the question?

DRAVEN
That is my answer.

ALBRECHT
See, that's going to be a problem for me. I'm going to need specifics. Places, phone numbers, people who can corroborate your story.

DRAVEN
There is no story. I'm not trying to convince you. I'm not even sure what day it is.

ALBRECHT
Really? It's exactly one year and one day after you were supposedly murdered.

Albrecht takes the measure of Draven as he absorbs the information.

ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

That surprise you?

DRAVEN

Nothing surprises me lately.

ALBRECHT

Let's start with who the other guy was.

Draven doesn't get this.

ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

A man was thrown out a sixth story window. You're telling us you don't know who he was?

Draven is shocked to consider the way it may look to Albrecht. Still, the only answer he has is the true one.

DRAVEN

That was me.

ALBRECHT

But you're here. You couldn't be here if that was you.

DRAVEN

But here I am.

ALBRECHT

Okay. Let's try this again. The last time anyone saw you alive was, let's see...

Albrecht flips through the police report.

ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

The afternoon of October 31st. The 'Stop-and-Go' on West Hatcher. You bought milk and a box of raisin cereal. You remember that?

DRAVEN

You did your homework.

Albrecht exhales. Looks Draven right in the eye.

ALBRECHT

Had to. I'm investigating a murder.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sarah skateboards down the street. A Thunderbird pulls up in front of her, blocking her path. T-Bird rolls down the window.

T-BIRD
Hey, kid. I gotta talk to you.

Sarah stops. Stands there holding her skateboard, defiantly.

SARAH
Yeah? What do you want?

T-BIRD
Just that you understand how we were never at your place last night. How it'd be bad for your mom if you remembered anything different.

Sarah gets the drift of this threat.

SARAH
You guys got a lot bigger problem than me talking to the cops...

T-BIRD
Yeah? Like what?

SARAH
Like the guy you thought you killed last night?
(beat)
He's not dead.

INT. BLACKOUT - TOP DOLLAR'S "PALACE" - DAY

Top Dollar watches the floor from his perch above it all. Some daytime activity is visible through the mini-blinds. He presses a button and the shades on the window pull shut. He pushes Sarah inside.

TOP DOLLAR
Why is she here?

T-Bird pushes her into a chair. Uses a roll of duct tape to put her hands tightly together behind her back.

T-BIRD
The freak who showed up instead of the cop?

TOP DOLLAR

This would be the same man you and your playmates emptied half a dozen guns into last night?

T-BIRD

(nervous)

The kid thinks he's alive.

TOP DOLLAR

Dream on, kid.

Sarah still has that problem. She can't keep her mouth shut.

SARAH

You guys are such losers. I just wanna watch him kick your butts.

Top Dollar starts punching out the combination to the "trophy room."

TOP DOLLAR

Put her with all the other souvenirs of our fun together.

(to Sarah)

One word -- one word -- and you die.

Sarah starts to protest. Top Dollar holds up a finger in warning, like a parent. At the window, WE SEE the spirit crow.

CROWVISION - SARAH

As she is manhandled by T-Bird.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Draven, already like a caged animal, reacts to the image. Albrecht keeps a steady eye on him.

DRAVEN

You can't keep me here. You have to let me go.

ALBRECHT

Not really. I can hold you seventy-two hours without charging you.

DRAVEN

Charging me? For what?

Taking his time. Ignoring the question.

ALBRECHT

Let's talk about your roommate, Shelly Webster.

DRAVEN

You're unbelievable.

ALBRECHT

No. A man who leaves the day of a double murder then comes back a year later without an alibi -- he's unbelievable.

(beat)

You and Shelly fight often?

Draven just stares at Albrecht. Doesn't want to go there.

ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

Did you know that it took thirty-one hours for her to die?

DRAVEN

Shut up!

ALBRECHT

That the last word that came out of her mouth was your name?

The questions are like knives in Draven's heart.

DRAVEN

Don't do this.

ALBRECHT

My job is to find justice for that woman. I'll do whatever I have to.

Draven can't stand it. He comes at Albrecht, pinning him up against the wall. He's seething.

DRAVEN

T-Bird and Funboy and Tin-Tin, those are your killers!

A terrible realization crosses Draven's face. He's losing it. The Crow wants out and he's creating the conditions. He suddenly lets go of Albrecht and turns away.

ALBRECHT

Think about it, Draven, before you point the finger. Pre-meditation costs more than a crime of passion. Which you seem about ready to commit again...

Draven's face is beginning to take on the look of the Crow. He is fighting for control. In very slow, measured words, he says:

DRAVEN

I am... finished... talking... to
you...

ALBRECHT

I got a whole file on you and your
temper. You lost it the night Shelly
Webster died, didn't you?

DRAVEN

Leave me alone.

Albrecht has lost it himself. He doesn't realize Draven's plight, and just keeps heaping it on.

ALBRECHT

Or what? You gonna kill me, too?
Are you?!

OFF Draven's face, now fully changed into the Crow. Albrecht is in mortal danger, as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Crow still has his back to Albrecht who continues:

ALBRECHT

Your confession now could make the
difference between life and death
for you.

The Crow continues to face away. Almost smirking...

THE CROW

The difference between life and death?
You have no idea.

ALBRECHT

Turn around and look at me, Draven,
'cause this is important.

The intercom on the wall BUZZES.

VOICE (P.A.)

Albrecht? You in there?

ALBRECHT

Not now!

VOICE (P.A.)

It's Vincennes. He's coming down to
see you.

ALBRECHT

(to Draven)

We're just getting started.

Albrecht takes off.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE INTERROGATION - CONTINUOUS

Albrecht exits with file in hand, finds Vincennes approaching.

VINCENNES

So you've re-opened the Draven case.

ALBRECHT

Never actually closed it.

VINCENNES
(taking file away)
And who exactly is the man you've
been interrogating?

ALBRECHT
It might be Eric Draven.

VINCENNES
(big one to swallow)
Your victim?

ALBRECHT
Not if it's really him.

VINCENNES
You have any evidence?

ALBRECHT
Not yet. I think we start by exhuming
the grave.

VINCENNES
Slow down. What about motive?

ALBRECHT
Crime of passion.
(off his reaction)
Maybe he found her in the sack with
another guy, killed them both. He
had a temper...

VINCENNES
That's a big maybe.

The thought hangs in the air. Vincennes hops off the desk,
heads away.

VINCENNES (CONT'D)
I'm going to talk to your man myself.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vincennes pushes the door open. There's nobody there.
Nothing. A beat. Albrecht enters.

VINCENNES
Where is he?

Albrecht looks around. His jaw drops.

ALBRECHT
Here. He was just here.

VINCENNES

Facts. I like facts. The fact is there is nobody in this room.

ALBRECHT

This is impossible.

VINCENNES

Detective, you read the papers. There are a lot of people who would like to see this department take a fall. I think you've been set-up.

ALBRECHT

No. This is the biggest break since the night of the murder.

Vincennes lets out a snort of disgust. Hands the file back to Albrecht. As he leaves:

VINCENNES

You're walkin' on the wild side of that thin blue line.

STAY WITH Albrecht who looks around the empty room. His world is starting to implode on him. A beat, then he, too, exits.

STAY INSIDE the interrogation room. REVEAL, on the ceiling, wedged in a nearly impossible space, literally hanging to the wall by his fingertips ... the Crow!

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The Crow crawls out a window, lands on a van, uses it to launch himself over a fence, landing safely in a lot marked, "Police Impound: Stolen Property". The Crow surveys the area. A couple of cars and a few motorcycles.

EXT. PORT COLUMBIA - NIGHT (STOCK)

To ESTABLISH our transition to evening.

INT. DARLA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Crow appears at the fire escape with the window open, surprises Darla.

THE CROW

Your daughter's in trouble.

DARLA

I know she stays out too late, but
that's gonna change, really...

THE CROW

No! The men who were here last night.
Where would they take her?

DARLA

Oh, my God... Um, they usually hang
out at the Blackout, it's a --

THE CROW

I know the place.
(taking off)
Stay here. Wait for her.

INT. BLACKOUT - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

The place is alive: dancing, drinking, bad behavior, urban
darkness. A local band is on the stage and, basically, nobody
notices the Crow in this sea of youth and music.

INT. BLACKOUT - TOP DOLLAR'S "PALACE" - NIGHT

Top Dollar sits on his throne, involved with a woman of exotic
sexuality. It's the best seat in the house. Top Dollar is
distracted by the girl, and from his window perch doesn't
see the Crow entering the main floor.

INT. BLACKOUT - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

The Crow notices T-Bird, walks straight up to him.

THE CROW

Now where were we?

T-Bird's jaw drops. He's seriously spooked. The Crow grabs
T-Bird by the jacket.

T-BIRD

We capped you...

THE CROW

I want to make a complaint to the
management. Coming?

T-Bird nods, "sure."

THE CROW (CONT'D)
(quoting him from the
night of his murder)
'Sorry, pal, you first.'

THE CROW THROWS T-BIRD THROUGH THE WINDOW!

That's right. He literally sends him flying straight up, through the window of Top Dollar's office.

INT. BLACKOUT - TOP'S "PALACE" - CONTINUOUS

Top Dollar's involvement with his woman is interrupted when T-Bird crashes through the window. He pulls himself away, stands over the stunned T-Bird.

TOP DOLLAR
I was busy.

T-BIRD
Birdman didn't stay dead.

T-Bird passes out. Top Dollar turns to the woman.

TOP DOLLAR
Wait for me downstairs.

INT. BLACKOUT - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Shattering glass on the floor sends the remaining clubbers scrambling to get out the door.

INT. BLACKOUT - TOP DOLLAR'S "PALACE" - MOMENTS LATER

Top Dollar pulls a large samurai sword off its wall mount, takes a few practice swings. The man's good. As the woman exits, the Crow knocks, enters with mocking politeness.

THE CROW
Hope I'm not interrupting.

TOP DOLLAR
Live by the sword, keep your edge.

He turns and gives the Crow a hard look.

TOP DOLLAR (CONT'D)
Damn, you're even ugly for a clown.

THE CROW
Before you go away, I want to know
why you killed her.

TOP DOLLAR

You're gonna have to be more specific.
I do a lot of business.

Top Dollar flails the sword menacingly at the Crow. He's used this before, probably with fatal results for the victim.

THE CROW

Shelly Webster.

A choreographed fight ensues. The Crow has an uncanny ability to get out of the way.

Ultimately, the sword has to be stopped. The Crow simply catches it -- blade end and all -- with his hand and grabs hold. It causes a gash but allows him to pull Top Dollar toward him, disarming him. The Crow vises his hand shut into a fist. With the weapons dispensed, the Crow begins to punish Top Dollar.

Top Dollar, however, is a worthy opponent, capable of the same martial-arts type movements that the Crow seems to have at his command.

During this, T-Bird seems to come to. He's groggy, but moving.

Finally, however, the Crow gains the upper hand and in a series of punishing blows he has Top Dollar subdued.

THE CROW (CONT'D)

The question is simple. Why kill an innocent woman?

TOP DOLLAR

Who sent you?

The Crow is about to smash a fatal blow into Top Dollar's face when his own face suddenly contorts. T-Bird has run him through with the samurai sword.

Top Dollar rolls free, kicks the Crow to the ground who, eyes still wide from the pain and shock, is too hurt to speak.

TOP DOLLAR (CONT'D)

Why don't you just hurry up and die!!

Top Dollar uses his remote device to open the trophy room.

TOP DOLLAR (CONT'D)

Tee, I want you to get my wheels and meet me in the alley.

T-BIRD

What's the plan, Top?

TOP DOLLAR

Little C-4 in the night ought to
blow our friend straight to hell
this time.

The door springs open:

TROPHY ROOM

Sarah is restrained in here, in this macabre serial killer-like museum of articles and artifacts.

PALACE - TOP DOLLAR

Grabs the Crow under both arms and begins to slide him across the floor to the trophy room. The Crow is weak, but he grabs the ring around his neck and clutches it tightly.

THE CROW

... Shelly wore this...

The Crow pulls himself up closer to grab Top Dollar by the arm in a vice-like grip.

THE CROW (CONT'D)

All her pain... all for you...

FLASHCUT - SHELLY'S PAIN

Shelly, nearly comatose in the loft as two paramedics load her onto a gurney. Her eyes are the only part of her that can move. Bruised and broken.

BACK TO SCENE

Top Dollar's back arches in unspeakable agony. The Crow seems to gain strength from the rage this brings.

The Crow sees Sarah, gagged and restrained, her eyes as frightened as Shelly's. He leaves Top Dollar long enough to break her free.

SARAH

(re: trophy room)

You and Shelly weren't the only ones
these sickos killed.

THE CROW

Go. You don't want to see this.

Sarah backs out into the main room as the Crow grabs Top Dollar and throws him into the trophy room, collapsing him against the wall. He gets down on the floor next to him and demands:

THE CROW (CONT'D)

Why? Why Shelly?

TOP DOLLAR

Because she got in the way, because somebody wanted her boyfriend dead...

THE CROW

(stunned)

She died because she knew me?

TOP DOLLAR

(coughs up blood)

And don't ask who, because he's a hell of lot scarier than you're ever gonna be...

The Crow's shock turns to anger. He is going to kill Top Dollar.

THE CROW

Shelly sends her regards.

The Crow hears a SOB from off-screen. It's Sarah, shielding her eyes. She just can't watch what her friend Eric has become.

SARAH

I'd kill him, too...

(beat)

... but Shelly wouldn't.

Slowly, the Crow releases his grip. Then, he begins to gather up the talismans that make up the trophy room. Shoes, necklaces, wallets, credit cards, even the videotape from his own murder. The Crow clutches them all close to his body with one hand. He reaches out for Top Dollar who squirms to get away, sensing what's coming.

TOP DOLLAR

Wait! We can still make a deal.
There's ten large in the box there.
Take the dope, too. Whatever you want...

The Crow drills Top Dollar with those eyes. Not the intense ones, the hellish ones.

THE CROW

*All of their pain. All at once.
All for you.*

The Crow reaches out and grabs Top Dollar.

FLASHCUT - WHITE NOISE / WHITE LIGHT

Serving as a visual/audio reminder that Draven has achieved some kind of empathic connection with Top Dollar. Images of the articles and artifacts are intermixed.

BACK TO SCENE

The psychic connection of suffering is unimaginable. Top Dollar's body begins to buck as if he's getting electro-shock therapy. When it's over, Top Dollar babbles, barely above a whisper, in incomprehensible words mixed with his own pathetic sobbing:

TOP DOLLAR

...saw the snake... the little lamb...
flush it... happy birthday to me...
let go... man, that's gotta hurt...
it was ordered... hamburger and
fries... let go... drowning... over
here...

The Crow doesn't appear to be much better. Only he sits on the floor experiencing his shattering mind-walk, silently. SIRENS can be heard on the approach. Sarah shakes the Crow. She kneels to him.

SARAH

Eric? I think we better go. I don't
think there's a lot of people who
are gonna believe your story just
now.

THE CROW

Why should they? I don't.

Sarah instinctively wraps her arms around him in a hug.

SARAH

I don't know how you came back...
(beat)
...but I'm glad you did.
(beat)
What do you do now?

The Crow leads Sarah to the window, lets her climb out.

THE CROW

Maybe even things out. My soul can't
rest until I set things right.

SARAH

You never used to talk like that.

THE CROW

Things have changed.

The Crow follows her out, as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

EPILOGUE

FADE IN:

INT. DARLA'S PLACE - FRONT ROOM - MORNING

Darla sits at the kitchen table, drinking from a cup of coffee. Sarah enters.

SARAH
What's in the coffee?

DARLA
Coffee.

SARAH
Are we 'getting our act together'
again?

DARLA
I'm gonna try. That's all I can
tell you. I'm gonna try.

Sarah breezes past her to the refrigerator. Been there,
heard that.

SARAH
Whatever.

Darla summons all her courage.

DARLA
I'm gonna need your help.

It hits Sarah hard. She sits down at the table.

SARAH
I'm not real good at holding hands.

A tough moment between the two. Darla slides a paper bag
across the table.

DARLA
I made you lunch.
(beat)
If I have to do this, you have to go
to school.

Sarah looks inside the sack. Turns up her nose.

SARAH
Peanut butter? I'm not in
kindergarten.

DARLA

Sorry... I... I just thought...
(grabs sack back)
I'll throw it out.

She starts to throw the sack in the trash. Sarah reaches out, grabs her by the forearm.

SARAH

Wait. I'll eat it.

Darla almost smiles.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Just don't start going to PTA meetings, okay?

A fragile moment of truce and beginning, observed by the spirit crow at the window.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Albrecht stands next to a pile of fresh dirt watching as a couple of gravediggers help pull a coffin out of the ground.

ALBRECHT

Let's have a look.

A crow lands on the top of Shelly Webster's gravestone.

GRAVEDIGGER

Procedure says we take this down to one of the city approved mortuaries before we open it.

ALBRECHT

Just open it, Greely. Heat's on me.

The gravedigger considers this, indicates to his counterpart that they should go ahead. They both put protective masks on. Albrecht covers his mouth and nose with his handkerchief.

The casket is popped open. Surprise registers on all faces.

GRAVEDIGGER

This some kind of joke, Albrecht?

Albrecht slowly lets his handkerchief fall from his face.

ALBRECHT

If it is, I'm not in on it.

THE CASKET

Seemingly completely empty, as if it's never been used. Upon closer inspection, however, WE SEE traces of some kind of *black ash-like powder*. WE HEAR the opening strains of an ELECTRIC GUITAR.

INT. DRAVEN'S LOFT - DAY

Storm clouds gather outside, with a hint of sun. The electric guitar is Draven's from so long ago. Another lifetime, actually. A lightning strike flashes across Draven's face as he plays licks from the same song he wrote for Shelly, discordant now and anguished. The spirit crow appears, landing next to Draven, as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW